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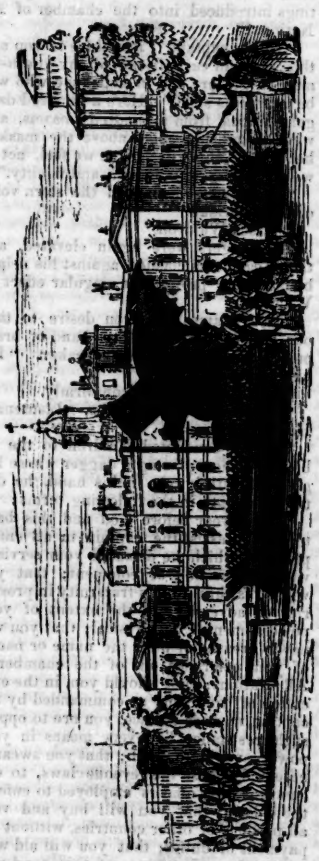

THE HORSE-GUARDS AND ST. JAMES'S PARK.

We have given a view of the eastern extremity of St. James's Park. The antiquarian will perceive no small difference between the buildings now found there and the old Horse Guards, as represented in the ancient illustrations of London.

The structure now known by that name is of modern erection. It consists of a centre surmounted by a cupola, and two wings. Beneath the former there is an archway leading from Whitehall into the Park. Through this the sovereign usually passes to the House of Peers on state occasions. In front of the street two sentinels are constantly on duty.

Melbourne House, built by Sir Matthew Featherstonehaugh, joins the Horse Guards. It was purchased by Lord Melbourne, who exchanged it with the Duke of York for York House, in Piccadilly. His royal highness added the fronts and the dome portico. Its aspect from the street is not a little sombre. It gives the spectator at once the idea of a mausoleum, and we see it has been pretty accurately copied by the Western Cemetery. After the Duke of York went to reside in Portman-square, the mansion again passed into the hands of Lord Melbourne.

It is in front of the centre of the Horse Guards that the "Prince Regent's Bomb" is placed. This enormous piece of ordnance is an object of great attention to all the curious. It is interesting as a trophy of war, as well as on account of its extraordinary size. George IV, then Prince Regent, caused it to be exhibited here, and it was first thrown open to the public gaze on his birthday in the year 1816. It was taken during the Peninsular war. The French had besieged Cadiz, but were foiled in the year 1812; and when they withdrew, this mortar was spiked and left behind. The Cortes, grateful for English assistance, presented the gun to the Prince Regent, who acknowledged the compliment by giving it the conspicuous place it now occupies on the parade in St. James's Park.

It is not our present purpose to describe the Park generally; but it may be re-

marked, *en passant*, that on every side the changes it has known are as great as those at which we have hinted at the Horse Guards. Twenty years ago it presented within the fence but a broad field and a straight ditch. The present beautiful disposition was made by Mr. David Ramsey, the celebrated landscape gardener of Brompton. Before it was such as he found it, important alterations were made, probably to meet the Dutch taste of William III. When the grand improvements were effected in the time of Charles II, there was a hill or rising ground, and this was surrounded by fruit trees. Thus Waller, after describing the animals which then adorned the Park, paints the scene as being

"All with a border of rich fruit trees crown'd,
Whose loaded branches hide the lofty mound."

It was not intended to offer merely a promenade; at least the anticipations of the bard pointed to

"The gallants dancing by the river's side;
They *bath* in summer, and in winter slide."

Gilded barges, too, were to move on its surface: and while the gentlemen were bathing, the poet hoped to see

"The ladies angling in the chrystal lake,
Feast on the waters with the prey they take."

THE SMUGGLER OF FOLKSTONE.

A TALE OF TRUTH AND FICTION.

By Edward Portwine.

CHAPTER XIX.

In the chamber of All Nations, sat seventy-three tall, stalwart men, dressed in blue jackets, striped shirts, loose blue trousers, low shoes, a blue handkerchief tied loosely around their neck, while a mask that reached just below the eyes completely veiled them from mortal recognition. In the chamber sat these outlaws like statues, facing each other. The room was a parallelogram, with a table reaching from the top to the bottom. At the head of this band sat Cumlin, unmasked, dressed similar to the men, but his sailor's habit was distinguished by its fineness of texture, and the exactitude of its fit. His cap was after the fashion of the Greeks, drooping on one side. A massive gold chain surrounded his neck, joined on his breast with a costly brilliant. Motionless as marble sat these men, while thirty others were perceived standing at the bottom of the room, silent, sad, and sorrowful.

When the door opened through which James Waldron passed, he perceived all we have related in mute astonishment. He regarded the mysterious man in his elegant costume and decorations with surprise. Never had he conceived that Cumlin, the suspected smuggler, could have appeared in such an elegant dress; and never had he before perceived the dignity, amounting to austerity, which now characterised his bearing. The smuggler's eyes glittered with pride and scorn; it was evident his nature had been chafed, for there was stern command written on every lineament of his manly features. We have frequently remarked that his deep musical voice, and its effect on the auditory, while uttering his commands, was great. No imaginary pirate of the Grecian isles could look his character better than Cumlin on this occasion, as he demanded "Whom Henry Gettings introduced into the chamber of All Nations?"

"Noble captain, I introduce to you and this band an early friend of my youth—a man in stature and in soul—one who will be as true as steel." Here a hundred daggers leaped from a hundred bosoms, and were brandished aloft above the masked heads. "Who will feel as we feel, act as we act, with truth, honour, and fidelity."

"His name?" demanded the stern voice of the chairman.

"James Waldron."

The daggers were again elevated, and thrice each was clashed against his neighbour, which produced a singular effect on Waldron.

"Does James Waldron desire to take our oaths, and enter this band of brave men?" demanded the same speaker. "Let him answer."

"I do," replied Waldron, firmly.

"Administer the oaths, Lieutenant Henry Gettings."

Gettings conducted Waldron to the table, and then placing a dagger whose hilt gleamed with jewels in his hand, he dictated the oath in the following terms:

"You swear before God and this band to aid and assist the captain in all enterprises on which he demands your services, without question or comment; that you will be faithful to this fraternity in prosperity or adversity, to the extent of your powers mental or physical; that you will never breathe or utter the name or names of your comrades out of the chamber of All Nations; that should you, in the execution of your duty as commanded by the captain, meet resistance, you are to oppose such resistance by every means in your power, even unto death; that you swear to hate and oppose the revenue laws, to circumvent the officers employed to enforce these laws, that you will buy and vend all produce of other countries, without the payment of duties; that you will aid with money the unfortunates of this band who may become disabled in the service; that you will aid with money and your influ-

ance all survivors of this band whose relations may fall in the performance of their several duties; that you will aid and assist every human being in distress, either by sea or land, and rescue them from peril, without reference to creed, colour, or country; and all these things you swear to regard as sacred, so help your God, our captain, and this band."

James listened to this strange oath in silence, resolved to question nothing, but to swear as directed. When, therefore, Lieutenant Henry Gettings concluded, he said, in a loud, clear voice: "I swear to observe all these things."

The lieutenant then pronounced, with solemnity: "He swears."

The captain then rose from his seat. The band rose also, and he pronounced after his lieutenant: "Men of All Nations, he swears."

Instantly the whole assembly re-echoed the captain's words, and again the daggers met in collision three times. The men then sank again to their seats.

Waldron was conducted to the upper part of the table, and offered a seat near the chairman, who observed the same rigid demeanour, without recognising James from any other member of the band.

The captain then vociferated: "Men of All Nations, unmask."

In a moment, every man's face was opened to the inspection of Waldron and each other. James gazed on in wonder and amazement. There were faces amongst that body known to him from his infancy —men of substance, of approved probity, honour, and honesty. The first person he glanced his eye on was the worshipful the mayor, next on his own uncle, then on Hamish; he almost expected to see his excellent friend Poynder—but no, Edmund was not there. He no longer doubted the success of the bold Cumlin; he no longer wondered at the constant defeat of the revenue officers. For some time not a word was spoken by any one; James was suffered to gaze at will on all around; and, as his eye travelled down that long table, he was more and more amazed at what he saw. Here then was the key to the success and reputed wealth of half the townspeople, while the means of subsistence to the others who never appeared to labour excepting at fishing was no longer a problem. He smiled and nodded, now to one, then to another, until he fairly saluted almost every person present, and then waited for fresh revelations.

The gentlemen thus recognised bowed and smiled in return in James, while the captain rose and thus addressed the band:

"Bold smugglers! This night has witnessed the infliction of punishment on thirty of our band, who have deservedly incurred a deeper degradation. It also has been a witness to the initiation of a brave and good man, Mr. James Waldron (hear hear.) In consideration of this fortunate circumstance, I shall remit the further punishment of these oath-breakers; and as I desire that Mr. Waldron should be received with good feeling and confidence, I will teach these men that I know how to punish as well as when to be lenient. Men, to your seats."

The last sentence, directed to the thirty delinquents, was obeyed with smiling alacrity and with evident gratitude. Cumlin then continued: "We may now inform our new member that our laws are short and simple. Most of the orders are communicated through our lieutenant, whose verbal or written communication must be attended to respecting all business. That every member who desires can become an owner of boats and stock, advancing as much capital as he can risk, and receiving an adequate share of profit, and bearing a proportion of the expenses incurred. That those who do not risk any capital, but give their services, are paid a weekly salary by our lieutenant during good behaviour. I had intended to suspend the thirty men for a month; but when I consider how their wives and families would suffer, and how they would feel who have generally acted correctly, I cannot find it in my heart to inflict pain. While I own this, let no man presume on my forbearance, and transgress again. While, therefore, I can forgive for such offences, I know how to be severe when on duty, and then I experience no remorse. I have no feeling—no heart." Here a shudder ran through the band. "When the capital raised is not sufficient to send into other climes for goods, then in that case my lieutenant makes up the required sum (Bravo, brave captain). By this means we trade with the whole world, and defy the execrable laws (hear, hear), and the very men who affect to hate us most, encourage the band in the most effectual manner. Thus Mr. Waldron can perceive that he can choose through the lieutenant what standing he desires to attain, and the position he wishes shall be accorded to him."

Great applause followed this speech, during which the captain regained his seat. He gave a signal to Gettings, a bell was heard at a distance, then a low rumbling sound which appeared to approach from the passage, presently a part of the flooring rose gently higher, higher, until it reached the altitude of the table. This piece of mechanism, a dumb waiter, was loaded with viands, liquors, pipes, cigars, and wine, to which each of the band resorted *ad libitum*. After every member had helped himself to what he preferred,

and the company perceived the brimming glass sparkling with generous fluid before him, and the balmy weed ignited and between the lips of those who love its genial influence, they turned their attention to their chairman, who, doffing his cap, procured his favourite brandy and water and cigar. After sipping and trying its strength, he rose with much dignity, and said:

"As all our serious business is over, excepting one piece of important intelligence which I received from London this morning, I may as well dispose of this before resorting to other matters. The success of the smugglers of Folkstone has been so great, and as they have defied all the power of the government to suppress them, the administration are resolved to replace the present revenue officers by an effective force, to be called the 'coast blockade.' (A laugh, and cries of "coast blockheads.") Ah," continued the captain, smiling, "blockheads if you will, for I am certain they will be defeated as easily as the foolish officers are now. But where are these men to come from? The war has again commenced, Napoleon has broke loose from Elba, and the government want all the men they can muster to beat that bold, bad man. It, therefore, depends on the termination of the war whether our sapient ministers can carry their threats into operation. With regard to our next venture, you will hear of that through the usual channels. This is the whole I have to say about business, and I shall conclude by proposing the health, happiness, and prosperity of our new member, Mr. James Waldron." Great cheering followed this speech.

The chairman rose, and with him all the band; then glasses were charged with bumpers, and never was man's health toasted with greater sincerity than Waldron's. Waldron returned thanks in a neat speech, which was loudly cheered.

Sir Michael Webb then sung, "Here's a health to the men of All Nations," a song composed, he said, by himself; but some whispered that a poor scribe in a certain garret, in a certain court, near a certain square in London, was the writer. However, it was a good one; and as the knight possessed a rich baritone voice, he sung it with great force and feeling. Indeed, the execution of this song was most effective, for his lower notes were rich, and as he was an excellent musician, many regretted that such melody could not be prolonged. Cumlin listened to the air with deep interest. As usual, when under the influence of the better feelings of his nature, when he reflected on his youthful existence, he was an altered man for the time; the tiger left his heart, and its place was supplied by the gentle influence of the lamb. When the song ended, he respired with pleasure, his face relaxed from all its sternness, and he appeared before the astonished eyes of his band a humanised being. This man of the sunny south felt all the attractions of music; he was now under its powerful influence, days long forgotten rushed into his memory, his heart beat with strong emotion, and those rude men of all nations beheld him for the first time bent on enjoyment.

The captain pressed Sir Michael's hand, applauded his execution with the tongue of a critic, pointed out where he could improve and where he excelled, until the magistrate gazed on the mysterious smuggler in speechless wonder.

So completely puzzled was the knight, that he found that even his iron heart, expended amongst the musty records of the law, could feel some sympathy, especially when he knew that by betraying some feeling he could advance his grovelling propensity for the accumulation of money. Therefore he returned the pressure, and desired the company to listen to their noble captain, who would sing a song. The company doubted the accuracy of this information, for during the many years Cumlin had been amongst them no man ever heard a song or a note from him. But now he was resolved, it appeared to the band, not to unbend by halves, but to exhibit to the learned and unlearned that he could be an agreeable boon companion. And he proved himself a worthy descendant from the land of poesy and song. It is impossible to describe the effect of his singing on his rude audience. Cumlin's voice was one of immense volume; his correct execution marked him out at once as an accomplished musician. From the first bar to the last, the upper notes or the lower were all given with superhuman melody; the men, almost breathless, listened in deep admiration. His voice, like an osier twig, appeared so elastic, so supple, that he appeared to master the most difficult music by intuition; so deep and full were his tones, that they appeared to fill the room and house with enchanting melody. This was soon evident by the deep breathing of the "female smugglers" in the gallery, who were startled at first by the sounds, so unusual, emanating from the chamber. Then the sounds became so ravishingly sweet, that they all instinctively rushed to the gallery, and were the delighted listeners to the song of Cumlin. The air concluded, and for some time a deep silence pervaded the chamber. The singer had risen from his chair, in a moment of enthusiasm for this delightful art, and, suiting gesture and action to the words, produced an electrical effect on the senses of his auditors. Even when he

concluded, he seemed insensible to all sublunary matters—to the thunders of applause that greeted him—to all things. Wrapt in deep thought, his lips quivering with emotion, his right arm raised above his head, his manly chest heaving like the undulations of the ocean, his erect form and still handsome countenance set forth to the best advantage by dress, struck the band with awe, admiration, and wonder.

However, such paroxysms will not last for ever; and at length the captain became sensible that he was on *terra firma*, and with a heightened colour on his cheeks, he resumed his seat amidst loud plaudits, for never did approbation spring up in such a company with greater warmth and sincerity.

When the sensation created by Cumlin had somewhat subsided, Sir Michael Webb, with the air of an orator, conscious of the importance of the task he had to perform, commenced an address by a glowing eulogy—an exordium (by the bye this same he had before spoken at least twenty times in and out of the Common Council of the city of London, of which corporation he had been a shining star) on the brilliant air, given by their honourable and gallant captain, which praise he richly merited. He then commented on his services to mankind; how he advanced sums of money for their merchandise—how he generously forgot to receive back his capital or profit—how he devoted his energies, time (which the speaker denominated as the only freehold of a poor man, which sentiment Mrs. Hall in her "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry," has plagiarised), and cash for the purpose of crushing bad laws, and feeding the unemployed. The orator then touched on his ariel flight up the cliffs, which so puzzled the "Lapwings" and revenue officers; his triumphant acquittal (here the worthy magistrate grinned a ghastly smile, which elicited three rounds of applause, which is called by the rude and vulgar, clap traps). He commented on the captain's heroic conduct in defence of the poor of the town; his reckless daring, even to succour his enemies, or the enemies of the band, and concluded by an elegant peroration, in which he administered a due quantity of flattery, mixed with truth. "I conclude, men of All Nations," said Sir Michael, "by proposing the health of our noble, our gallant captain."

Here the cheering was so great, that "the fishes that did swim" in the harbour leaped high in the air, in deep gratitude to the elegant ex-deputy of the ward of Aldgate. An old chronicle also states that the eels were electrified by his matchless language. True it is that the glasses, bottles, and pipes, performed pirouettes on the table, superinduced, no doubt, by the accompaniment of fist music, which rarely fails to awaken the latent sympathy of these necessary adjuncts to singing, music, and oratory. It is also recorded in the same book that the cheering from the gallery was intense, and was allowed to proceed, unchecked, by the members, while the members themselves appeared a little queer in the head from cheering; but a wag in the same authority adds, in a foot note, that from the appearance of the dumb waiter at this period of the morning (near three o'clock), which said waiter had been thrice replenished, he suggested the scandal that some of the band were *fou*. For our parts we not believe this statement; and we hasten to rescue the fair fame of Sir Michael from this libel, for certain it is that never did he perpetrate, in or out of the court of Common Council, so brilliant a speech; and it would be ridiculous to charge a man with inebriety because he happens to be eloquent; for it is well known to all orators, from Lord Brougham down to our own illustrious Laurie, who wears the honours which once graced the brows of Sir Michael, that wine and brandy reduces a man to silence instead of opening the flood-gates of his eloquence. All we regret is, not being able to preserve the whole of the oration given by the knight, we have done all we can to drag to light a faint resemblance to the great original. With the thanks of the captain the band prepared to separate; but cries arose, on the night wind, of "Let us carry him home." Cumlin, hearing this treason against his dignity, and feeling rather conscious that it would be worse than useless to contend against natural enthusiasm, muttered to himself "Smuggled cognac is a little strong," which, just before the desire evinced by the band of conveying him home in a very undignified manner, he had imagined weak—for he had unconsciously swallowed the contents of a rummer which Sir Michael had substituted for wine and water—we say, feeling all this, not that we will degrade one of our heroes by stating he was approaching inebriety; he dissolved the meeting as suddenly as we conclude this long chapter.

(To be continued.)

CAPTAIN FREMONT'S EXPLORING EXPEDITION TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, OREGON, AND CALIFORNIA.

This work, rendered more interesting from the present dispute with England and America, is the narrative part of the official reports to the United States by the

officer commissioned to conduct two exploration parties, the first through the southern pass of the Rocky Mountains, leading into Oregon; the second, through the whole extent of the Oregon, as far as the settlements of the Hudson's Bay Company, returning by the Mexican territories of California.

From the town of St. Louis on the Missouri, to the south pass of the Rocky Mountains, in latitude 42½ deg. N., the route of both expeditions was nearly the same. After striving in vain to find a new route into the Mexican territory, the expedition fell back into the old line of road, and entered Oregon by the usual pass. It then proceeded direct to the Columbia; passing through the basin that lies between the Rocky Mountains and the range that runs parallel to the Pacific Ocean. Having procured supplies from the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Vancouver, the expedition started on its return by an entirely new route along the lower or second basin of Oregon and California, till the Sacramento river was reached, just above where it falls into the bay of Francisco. Besides a general survey, the object was to examine two or three inland lakes, and the alleged long course of the Buenaventura river. The mysterious Lake Tlamath—whose mystery consists in being a marsh in dry weather and a lake after the rains—was loosely surveyed; a new inland sea was discovered; and the Buenaventura shown, or at least asserted, to be useless for navigation, from the shortness of its course and its running parallel to the sea. This portion of the journey is the most adventurous and exciting of the whole. The expedition passed through a country as yet unknown: it was undertaken in the depth of winter, with hopes of reaching a milder climate in California, which were not altogether fulfilled. The expedition lost its way, and got involved in the snows and difficulties of a range of mountains. Pasture was scanty; the supplies were exhausted to such a degree that mules had to be killed for food; the road had to be beaten over the snow by select parties, which a new fall sometimes covered up again; the best horses were knocked up; and so severe the hardships, that the men began to sink on the descent towards the sunny land visible below them. The bodies of the hardy trappers, accustomed to endurance, seem to have outlasted their minds; for they were capable of exertion and onward movement when reason temporarily gave way.

"We began to be uneasy at Derosier's absence, fearing he might have been bewildered in the woods. Charles Towns, who had not yet recovered his mind, went to swim in the river, as if it were summer and the stream placid, when it was a cold mountain torrent foaming among rocks. We were happy to see Derosier appear in the evening. He came in, and sitting down by the fire, began to tell us where he had been. He imagined he had been gone several days, and thought we were still at the camp where he had left us; and we were pained to see that his mind was deranged. It appeared that he had been lost in the mountain; and hunger and fatigue joined to weakness of body, and fear of perishing in the mountains, had crazed him. The times were severe when stout men lost their minds from extremity of suffering—when horses died—and when mules and horses, ready to die of starvation, were killed for food. Yet there was no murmuring or hesitation."

This was about the last of their perils and privations. They rapidly descended into California; reached an American settlement, where preparations for "annexation" seem prosperously beginning; and, after refreshing themselves and procuring supplies, returned for the most part by a regular track. Occasionally, they were involved in difficult ground; the country was often desert, ill supplied with water, and Indians were hanging on their skirts. These hardships, however, were comparatively nothing to those endured during the latter part of their journey from the Columbia to the Sacramento. The novelty of the route, the character of the Indians, and some occasional adventures with them, give more interest to the whole of this portion than attaches to the previous parts.

On the whole, Captain Fremont's narrative is an interesting account of a new country, to which events are just now imparting great importance; a plain and unaffected narrative of enterprise undertaken, hardships endured, and difficulties overcome, with many singular pictures of Indian character, and the wild unsettled life of the wilderness. The following extract relates to a story of peril, courage, endurance, and wild revenge. On the returning of the expedition from California, a Spaniard and a boy met them. It seems their party had been attacked by Indians; when these two, happening to be mounted, had driven off the horses (the object of the attack), and followed them for sixty miles, when they left them, but rode forward themselves in hopes to meet the trading caravan. They were kindly received, with promise of such assistance as "circumstances" would permit.

"After travelling about twenty-five miles, we arrived at the Agua de Tomaso, the spring where the horses had been left; but, as we expected, they were gone. A brief examination of the ground convinced

us that they had been driven off by the Indians. Carson and Godey volunteered with the Mexican to pursue them; and, well mounted, the three set off on the trail. In the evening Fuentes returned, his horse having failed; but Carson and Godey having continued the pursuit. In the afternoon of the next day, a war-whoop was heard, such as Indians make when returning from a victorious enterprise; and soon Carson and Godey appeared, driving before them a band of horses, recognised by Fuentes to be part of those they had lost. Two bloody scalps, dangling from the end of Godey's gun, announced that they had overtaken the Indians as well as the horses. They informed us, that after Fuentes left them, from the failure of his horse, they continued the pursuit alone; and towards nightfall entered the mountains, into which the trail led. After sunset the moon gave light; and they followed the trail by moonshine until late in the night, when it entered a narrow defile, and was difficult to follow. Afraid of losing it in the darkness of the defile, they tied up their horses, struck no fire, and lay down to sleep in silence and in darkness. Here they lay from midnight to morning. At daylight they resumed the pursuit, and about sunrise discovered the horses; and, immediately dismounting, and tying up their own, they crept cautiously to a rising ground which intervened, from the crest of which they perceived the encampment of four lodges close by. They proceeded quietly, and had got within thirty or forty yards of their object, when a movement among the horses discovered them to the Indians: giving the war-shout, they instantly charged into the camp, regardless of the number which the *four* lodges would imply. The Indians received them with a flight of arrows, shot from their long bows; one of which passed through Godey's shirt-collar, barely missing the neck: our men fired their rifles upon a steady aim, and rushed in. Two Indians were stretched on the ground, fatally pierced with bullets; the rest fled, except a lad that was captured. The scalp of the fallen were instantly stripped off; but in the process, one of them, who had two balls through his body, sprung to his feet, the blood streaming from his skinned head, and uttering a hideous howl. An old squaw, possibly his mother, stopped and looked back from the mountain-side she was climbing. The frightful spectacle appalled the stout hearts of our men; but they did what humanity required, and quickly terminated the agonies of the gory savage. * * * The time, place, object, and numbers considered, this expedition of Carson and Godey may be considered among the boldest and most disinterested which the annals of western adventure, so full of daring deeds, can present. Two men, in a savage desert, pursue day and night an unknown body of Indians into the defiles of an unknown mountain—attack them on sight, without counting numbers—and defeat them in an instant: and for what? To punish the robbers of the desert, and to avenge the wrongs of Mexicans whom they did not know. I repeat, it was Carson and Godey who did this; the former an American, born in the Boonslick county of Missouri; the latter a Frenchman, born in St. Louis; and both trained to western enterprise from early life."

If any scruples arose in any mind respecting this affair, they were eased on arriving at the place where the Spanish party was originally attacked.

"We descended into a sandy plain or basin, in the middle of which was the grassy spot, with its springs and willow bushes, which constitutes a camping-place in the desert, and is called the Archilette. The dead silence of the place was ominous; and, galloping rapidly up, we found only the corpses of the two men: everything else was gone. They were naked, mutilated, and pierced with arrows. Hernandez had evidently fought, and with desperation. He lay in advance of the willow half-faced tent which sheltered his family, as if he had come out to meet danger and to repulse it from that asylum. One of his hands and both his legs had been cut off. Giacome, who was a large and strong-looking man, was lying in one of the willow shelters, pierced with arrows. Of the women no trace could be found, and it was evident they had been carried off captive. A little lap dog, which had belonged to Pablo's mother, remained with the dead bodies, and was frantic with joy at seeing Pablo: he, poor child, was frantic with grief, and filled the air with lamentations for his father and mother. 'Mi padre! mi madre!'—was his incessant cry. When we beheld this pitiable sight, and pictured to ourselves the fate of the two women carried off by savages so brutal and so loathsome, all compunction for the scalped-alive Indian ceased; and we rejoiced that Carson and Godey had been able to give so useful a lesson to these American Arabs, who lie in wait to murder and plunder the innocent traveller."

The Oregon dispute is not mentioned by Captain Fremont; nor, to judge from his unconscious proceedings, would a question of territorial right appear to trouble him much under any circumstances. As an account of Oregon and the route from the States thither and through it, as well as an exposition of the strong points of the country and its agricultural and military capa-

bilities, this volume must be taken as the latest authority.

THE FOURTH OF JULY IN THE WILDERNESS.

"I halted earlier than usual, about forty miles from the junction; and all hands were soon busily engaged in preparing a feast to celebrate the day. The kindness of our friends at St. Louis had provided us with a large supply of excellent preserves and rich fruit-cake; and when these were added to a maccaroni soup, and variously prepared dishes of the choicest buffalo meat, crowned with a cup of coffee, and enjoyed with prairie appetite, we felt, as we sat in barbaric luxury around our smoking supper on the grass, a greater sensation of enjoyment than the Roman epicure at his perfumed feast. But most of all it seemed to please our Indian friends; who, in the unrestrained enjoyment of the moment, demanded to know, if our "medicine days came often." No restraint was exercised at the hospital board, and, to the great delight of his elders, our young Indian lad made himself extremely drunk."

SLEEPING OUT.

"My companions slept rolled up in their blankets, and the Indians lay in the grass near the fire; but my sleeping-place generally had an air of more pretension. Our rifles were tied together near the muzzles, the butts resting on the ground, and a knife laid on the rope, to cut away in case of an alarm; over this, which made a kind of frame, was thrown a large India-rubber cloth, which we used to cover our packs: this made a tent sufficiently large to receive about half of my bed, and was a place of shelter for my instruments; and as I was careful always to put this part against the wind, I could lie here with a sensation of satisfied enjoyment, and hear the wind blow and the rain patter close to my head, and know that I should be at least half dry. Certainly I never slept more soundly."

PASSING A CANON* IN AN INDIA-RUBBER BOAT.

"An ugly pass lay before us. We had made fast to the stern of the boat a strong rope about fifty feet long; and three of the men clambered along among the rocks, and with this rope let her down slowly through the pass. In several places high rocks lay scattered about in the channel; and in the narrows it required all our strength and skill to avoid staving the boat on the sharp points. In one of these, the boat proved a little too broad, and stuck fast for an instant, while the water flew over us; fortunately, it was but for an instant, as our united strength forced her immediately through. The water swept overboard only a sextant and a pair of saddle-bags. I caught the sextant as it passed by me, but the saddle-bags became the prey of the whirlpools. We reached the place where Mr. Preuss was standing, took him on board, and with the aid of the boat put the men with the rope on the succeeding pile of rocks. We found this passage much worse than the previous one, and our position was rather a bad one. To go back was impossible; before us, the cataract was a sheet of foam; and shut up in the chasm by the rocks, which in some places seemed almost to meet overhead, the roar of the water was deafening. We pushed off again; but, after making a little distance, the force of the current became too great for the men on shore, and two of them let go the rope. Lajeunesse, the third man, hung on, and was jerked headforemost into the river, from a rock about twelve feet high; and down the boat shot like an arrow, Basil following us in the rapid current, and exerting all his strength to keep in mid-channel—his head seen only occasionally like a black spot in the white foam. How far we went, I do not exactly know; but we succeeded in turning the boat into an eddy below. 'Cré Dieu,' said Basil Lajeunesse, as he arrived immediately after us, 'je crois bien que j'ai nagé un demi mile.' He had owed his life to his skill as a swimmer; and I determined to take him and the two others on board, and trust to skill and fortune to reach the other end in safety. We placed ourselves on our knees, with the short paddles in our hands, the most skilful boatman being at the bow. We cleared rock after rock, and shot past fall after fall, our little boat seeming to play with the cataract. We became flushed with success, and familiar with the danger; and, yielding to the excitement of the ocean, broke forth together into a Canadian boat-song. Singing, or rather shouting, we dashed along; and were, I believe, in the midst of the chorus, when the boat struck a concealed rock immediately at the foot of a fall, which whirled her over in an instant. Three of my men could not swim, and my first feeling was to assist them and save some of our effects: but a sharp concussion or two convinced me that I had not yet saved myself. A few strokes brought me into an eddy, and I landed on a pile of rocks on the left side."

* "*Canon*"—A Spanish term, signifying a passage through a narrowed channel, analogous to our "funnel."

COLLET, THE FRENCH ROBBER.

Collet was born at Belley, and brought up under the care of the curate of St. Vincent at Châlons, on the Saone. Placed, in the Prytanée of Fontainbleau, he re-

mained there till his eighteenth year, when he left with the rank of sub-lieutenant. Being appointed captain of the 43rd regiment, he was present at the siege of Brescia, in Italy, where he was wounded, and shortly after he repaired to Rome. One day as he was sauntering in the church of St. Peter, he there met with the secretary of cardinal Fesch, and entered into conversation with him, representing himself as a French officer. This secretary was the abbé Foe, almoner to the cardinal. He presented Collet to his eminence, who received him well, and begged him to repeat his visit frequently. Hardly had he thus gained the *entré* to the cardinal's house, when he pilfered from his eminence's private drawer some copies of clerical diplomas, in order to serve as occasion might require. The cardinal having departed for France, sent orders for two monks and an almoner to follow him, under the guidance of abbé Foe. They accordingly set out, and Collet along with them. At Turin, however, he was informed by his friend the abbé that there was a proscription and pursuit out against him as a deserter; on hearing which he accepted a passport, signed Fisch, and twelve sequins, from his reverence; and leaving the main road, retired to the neighbourhood of Coni. We will let Collet continue the recital in in his own words:—

"After having spent part of my money, and not knowing how to live, I bought a cassock, and, aided by this disguise, borrowed some money of an ecclesiastic.

"A refugee in the mountains of Piedmont, and hardened by my first success, I procured a violet-coloured cassock, which, with the assistance of two females, invested me as bishop, surrounded by the homage of the pious souls in the vicinity, all eager to supply my wants and wishes. I then hired a tolerably splendid equipage, and proceed to Nice, where I was very affectionately received by the lord bishop. I showed him the bull of my appointment, which, by the way, was the work of my own hands. He begged me to celebrate mass, but I, pretending excessive humility, declined to do so. He, however, being on the point of ordaining a great number of priests, proposed, from respect to my rank, that I should officiate in his stead. He would accept of no excuse; and, to avoid any unpleasant explanation, I consented to ordain thirty-three priests, with as many deacons and sub-deacons. At first, indeed, I had some scruples of conscience in thus usurping the episcopal functions; but they soon became tranquillised by the reflection, that, sooner or later, the affair must be discovered, and that the priests of my creation would be re-ordained. I represented this ordination to myself as a piece of false coin, the baseness of which cannot long fail of being discovered, and is then withdrawn from circulation. After the ceremony I delivered an appropriate discourse (one of Bourdaloue's) for which I was lauded to the skies. But, with all this, my bishopric brought me no returns, and I was obliged to think of some other means of living. To crown my perplexity I was denounced, and was obliged immediately to post off with all imaginable speed. On the road two gendarmes, who had a description of my person, approached the carriage; I gave them my blessing, and they religiously withdrew. I assumed the name of Don Passerali, and was received and entertained by the grand vicar, he believing me to be a bishop *de bonne étoffe*. On approaching the first city on our route, I caused the carriage to be perforated with pistol-balls, and then circulated a report of my having been robbed. A collection was made for my lord bishop, which brought his lordship 8000 francs; and I thought of employing this so as to procure some tranquil occupation. Here my clerical career was closed, and I probably should have had no more adventures to relate, but for a combination of fatalities which prevented me from accomplishing my project of retirement. I was seized with a mania for military dignities. This was in 1810; and I appointed myself to an inspector-generalship, and called on the war commissary, telling him that I was deputed to examine his register. His astonishment was extreme on finding that I was not announced by any official letter. I answered that my mission required the greatest secrecy; and, assuming a dictorial tone, brought the commissary to the gentle bearing of a lamb. Taking advantage of this change, I directed him to send an express before me to Nimes, announcing my near approach; and at the same time to dispatch an order for considerable disbursements to be made to me for the use of the army in Catalonia, which Catalonian army consisted of—myself. All was done as I desired; my appearance was certainly imposing; I was covered with orders and crosses, for taking many or one was equal trouble. The commissary and I parted mutually pleased with each other.

"In our conversation, as may be readily supposed, I attributed to myself all conceivable influence, and promised him the cordon of the legion of honour, for which he overwhelmed me with acknowledgements.

"At Nimes, I lightened the coffers of the receiver-general of from 2 to 300,000 francs. I obtained also some additional sums, the amount of which I do not now remember. In fine, I arrived at Montpe-

lier, and dipped again into the government treasury; but the minister, apprised of the frauds committed by the self-styled inspector-general, had issued orders for my apprehension.

"One morning, after having reviewed the troops at six, I proceeded to call on the prefect. I expressed to him my satisfaction at the excellent administration of his department, and promised to procure for him the rank of grand officer of the legion of honour. He was transported with joy; but, unhappily for him, he soon saw that I could realise no such golden promise, for an hour after I left him I was arrested, with twenty-two officers whom I had deceived, who were zealous in my service, and formed my staff. The officers, who were undoubtedly innocent, could not obtain, under two months, their release from a prison into which they ought never to have been plunged.

"A few days subsequent to my arrest, the prefect having a numerous company to dinner, wished to afford them the gratification of seeing the man who had so well played his part of inspector-general, and had so skilfully abused the magisterial credulity. He sent for me, and placed me in a sort of spacious larder, with no outlet but the entrance door, at which two gendarmes were stationed. There I was left to my own reflections, and these were not slow in suggesting a plan of escape. I put off my clothes, and arrayed myself in the jacket, cotton cap, and apron of a cook. I then took up two dishes, ready for the table, and kicked against the door, which was opened by the gendarmes, who let me pass without question. I traversed the dining-hall, and, without any interruption, saved myself *en marmiton*. The cook soon afterwards arrived at the pantry, and, finding his clothes and dishes gone, was loud in his complaints, and thus the mystery of my escape became manifest.

"The prefect caused me to be pursued, and offered a reward of 10,000 francs to any one who would deliver me up dead or alive; whilst I was quietly remaining in a house near the prefecture, and saw his worship every morning at his toilette. Flight, however, became necessary, and I fled. I went to Saumur, where I became assistant-surgeon-major, a post which I obtained by my treatise on osteology: I could not, however, avoid killing those whom it was past my skill to cure. I successively overran the provinces on the French confines, but at length thought it best to quit it altogether. I returned, however, very shortly, and wandered through the department of Drodogne. I met the Collet, who was just returned from his five years' hard labour, and feeling the necessity of repose, I changed my papers for his in July, 1818, and passed for Collet, the liberated galley-slave."

The tribunal of Toulouse sentenced him to two years' imprisonment, in case of his apprehension for a fraud practised, with all his ingenuity and tact, on a religious order. While thus menaced by the arm of the law, he took refuge at Blessac, and lodged at the inn. Of the landlord Collet says, that "He was an honest fellow, and believed whatever I told him. My stay at his inn made a great noise throughout the canton. The mayor thought me a political exile, and even suspected that I might be the ex-emperor Napoleon; all supposed me a person of great importance, and offered me more money than I could desire. The mayor charitably warned me of the risk I must run of assassination, and begged of me to use more precaution when going abroad. I left this place in order to avoid the necessity of giving unpleasant explanations.

"On my arrival at Roche Beaucourt, I took an apartment in the house of the commissary of police, concluding that no one would come there to seek me. I was right. The worthy commissary himself had received a description of my person, but it never once entered his head that it could be me whom he had to arrest, and I remained with him in perfect safety."

The fortunate star of Collet is now about to decline. Under the assumed name of Gallot he purchased at Mareuil the farm of Roche-Beaucourt; he paid for a horse and cabriolet by a bill bearing the same fictitious name; and a servant having announced to the mayor that Gallot was the very Collet of whom the officers of justice were everywhere in pursuit, he was arrested and taken to Mana, where he heard with unshaken firmness the verdict that shut him from society for twenty years. Collet has since been at the bagnes of Toulon, Brest, Rochefort, &c. The vigilant eye of the commissaries have not hitherto been able to penetrate what he calls the mystery of his economy, or rather of his reservation.

ATTACHMENT OF A WOLF TO HIS MASTER.

Though wolves, it is well known, can be brought up like dogs to obey a master, yet it has been generally understood that after a time their savage nature would break out, and render their destruction necessary. The celebrated Cuvier contradicts this, by the following history of a wolf:—

"Brought up like a young dog, he became familiar with every person whom he was in the habit of seeing. He would fol-

low his master every where, seemed to suffer much from his absence, was obedient to his voice, evinced, invariably, the most entire submission, and differed, in fact, in nothing, from the tamest of domestic dogs. His master being obliged to travel, made a present of him to the royal menagerie, at Paris. Here, shut up in his compartment, the animal remained for many weeks without exhibiting the least gaiety, and almost without eating. He gradually, however, recovered; he attached himself to his keepers; and seemed to have forgotten all his past affections, when his master returned, after an absence of eighteen months. At the very first word which he pronounced, the wolf, who did not see him in the crowd, instantly recognised him, and testified his joy by his motions and his cries. Being set at liberty, he overwhelmed his old friend with caresses, just as the most attached dog would have done after a separation of a few days. Unhappily, his master was obliged to quit him a second time, and this absence was again, to the poor wolf, the cause of most profound regret. But time allayed his grief. Three years elapsed, and the wolf was living very comfortably with a young dog which had been given to him as a companion. After this space of time, which would have been sufficient to make any dog, except that of Ulysses, forget his master, the gentleman again returned. It was evening, all was shut up, and the eyes of the animal could be of no use to him; but the voice of his beloved master was not effaced from his memory; the moment he heard it, he knew it; he answered by cries indicative of the most impatient desire; and when the obstacle which separated them was removed, his cries redoubled; the animal rushed forward, placed his two fore-feet on the shoulders of his friend, licked every part of his face, and threatened with his teeth his very keepers who approached, and to whom an instant before he had been testifying the warmest affection. Such an enjoyment, as was to be expected, was succeeded by the most cruel pain to the poor animal. Separation was again necessary, and from that instant the wolf became sad and immoveable; he refused all sustenance; pined away; his hairs bristled up as usual with all sick animals; at the end of eight days he was not to be known, and there was every reason to apprehend his death. His health, however, became re-established, he resumed his good condition of body and brilliant coat; his keepers could again approach him, but he would not endure the caresses of any other person; and he answered strangers by nothing but menaces."

THIRTEEN — THE OMINOUS NUMBER.

(ABRIDGED FROM "THE OMEN," BY THE LATE JOHN GAULT).

* * * * * We were thirteen, the ominous number, and all strangers to each other. It is true that Von Hesse and I had travelled from Prague together, but we had no previous acquaintance; indeed, we had been three days in company before either of us knew the other's name.

Our host, the banker, was a jolly facetious personage, with a dash of freethinking in his conversation, which, though regulated by some feeling allied to good taste, was yet sufficiently obstrusive. He appeared to be sensible that an open display of his religious opinions might give offence, and evidently repressed his inclination to sport irreverent jests; but habit, in despite of resolution, now and then broke out, and an occasional expression indicated that with more intimate friends his infidelity would have been probably less mitigated. As often as any of these expressions escaped him, the thoughtful countenance of Von Hesse was darkened; and twice or thrice, when the banker went a little too far, he gently contrived to check the mirth which the unchristened gibe was calculated to awaken.

The air and demeanour of Von Hesse were at all times mild and winning. His physiognomy was serene, almost solemn; his voice was soft and pleasing; and a slight touch of sadness in his accent increased the interest which his calm and engaging manners universally inspired.

It happened in the twilight of an evening, as we approached a little village where we were to pass the night, that, at a turn of the road, we came suddenly on a small burying-ground, the most spectral and dismal place of the kind I had ever seen. It was indeed like no other. Tall, black, and fantastical wooden memorials served for tombstones; some of them wore a mysterious resemblance to hatchments and funeral banners, others reminded me of skeletons; they suggested frightful associations, and I could not help saying "These are surely the sepulchres of men who have made dreadful confessions." It was at that moment his countenance became so strangely changed from its wonted pensiveness; but I then ascribed the change to his participating in the momentary superstition with which I was myself affected, nor did I afterwards think of what I had noticed till our host, in his jocular sallies, derided the communion of spirits and the visitation of ghosts.

His remarks were playful and ingenious, and, to some of the guests, afforded amusement. To me they were disagreeable; not,

however, I frankly confess, so much owing to their irreverence, as to their visible effect on Von Hesse.

It was at this turn of the conversation that the slow and meditative eye of professor Khull became fixed upon him so earnestly, that I could not but think he was actuated by a curiosity similar to my own. Strange, I had travelled four weeks with Von Hesse without discovering any symptoms of his mysterious disease, and yet the professor, who had never seen him before, in less than an hour had discerned that he was one of those peculiar beings who have "that within which passeth show." But the extraordinary metaphysical discernment of Khull has often been the wonder of his friends. Falling in with the current of the conversation, Khull remarked, in reply to our host, that whatever the generality of mankind might think of the communion of spirits, and of ghosts and dreams, it is impossible to dissipate by reason the faith of those who believe in them, "because," he added, looking at Von Hesse, "the faith is built up of experiences. The believers do not adopt their creed upon persuasion, but have had testimonials to its truth in themselves, influencing them to believe. The soundness of a man's judgment would not suffer much in my opinion, by his assuring me that he had seen a ghost."

This singular observation drew from the banker one of his sharpest jokes; for the professor was not esteemed very orthodox, but suspected of cherishing notions adverse not only to every kind of superstition, but even to some of the popular dogmas of religion.

Von Hesse interfered, and said, with evident emotion, "But you must allow, professor, that the experience of such mysteries can only effect ourselves; we have no faculty by which we can adequately convey the horror of our experience to others."

"I should infer from that, sir," replied Khull, "that you have tasted of 'that horror.'"

"I have," said Von Hesse, firmly, "but I have seen no ghosts, nor held communion with spirits, nor—but I will tell you of an instance of my experience."

The table was solemnly hushed as he spoke. All save our host were touched with awe; his attempt, however, to rally, by pushing round the wine, was interrupted by Khull, saying, "A good metaphysical tale is worth a tun of Johannisberger—pray do let him proceed."

"At the close of the war," said Von Hesse, "I was ordered, along with three other officers, to investigate some of the army accounts which remained at Basle unsettled. Being at the time slightly indisposed, I found it necessary to travel by easier stages than my companions, and accordingly allowed them to go on before.

"On the morning after they left me, I was sensible of a remarkable change in my disease; the slow fever with which I had for weeks been affected, went suddenly off—I should say it passed from the body to the mind. My sleep was unrefreshing, and filled with dismal and ominous dreams, the imagery of which was sometimes fearfully distinct, at others dark, indistinguishable, and prophetical. I was depressed without cause, and apprehensive without reason.

"By the time I rejoined my companions at Basle, this comfortless state had produced a visible change in my appearance. They said that my complexion had become strangely wan, and that my eyes shone with something more like light than the natural lustre.

"One morning after a restless night, I fell into a profound sleep—so profound that every trace and sentiment of existence might be said to have been obliterated for the time. From this syncope I was suddenly startled by an indescribable alarm. I heard no voice nor any sound, and yet I received a supernatural intimation of a dreadful misfortune having befallen one of my dearest friends.

"When I joined my companions they were shocked at my appearance, and one of them anxiously inquired what had happened. I told them, and they looked gravely at each other: they seemed to think it was a warning for myself.

"I then noted the hour and day of this alarm in my pocket-book; and, strange to tell, from that time I felt myself released from the singular enchantment of dismay which had so invested my spirit; my health revived, my complexion regained its wonted hue, and I laughed at superstition.

"When our inquiries were finished, we returned to Vienna, and soon after, I resolved to visit the friend on whose account I had been so disturbed. He resided at Prague; but just as I was on the eve of setting out on the journey, I received from him a letter, which at once froze me with awe, and overwhelmed me with sorrow.

"He described himself as having been for a long time afflicted with an irresistible depression of spirits, a foreboding of calamity, while all things with him were prosperous. Then he proceeded to relate, that one morning, quoting the date—I referred to my pocket-book, it was the same, the day and hour, on which I had received the intimation—he dreamt that he saw a hand with a knife at the throat of one of his children; he was at the same moment roused by a message from the nursery that the child was ill. The doctor was sent for, the disease was croup of the worst kind, and to relieve the sufferer the doctor made an in-

cision with an instrument precisely similar to the knife he had seen in his dream. The same hour one of the servants was found to be ill of a fatal fever, the infection of which spread so rapidly in the family, that the utter desolation of his house at one time seemed to be ordained.—Now, Professor Khull, what explanation can you give, either by sympathies or associations of the fact, the sublime fact, of this sense of an event which was taking place at a great distance, and of which there could be no possible foreknowledge?"

THE OREGON TERRITORY.

From the *Athenæum* and an American quarterly review we gain the following description of the Oregon territory, now the bone of contention between England and the United States.

The territory of Oregon (so called from the great river which drains it, but which is more frequently called the Columbia), is bounded on the south by Upper California, on the west by the Pacific, on the east by the Rocky Mountains, and on the north partly by Russian American and partly by our own acknowledged possessions. Its length is from lat. 42 deg. to 54 deg. 40 m., or about 880 English miles. The breadth varies considerably, but almost uniformly, according as the mountain chain to the east recedes from or advances towards the Pacific: in the northern part it is about three, in the south about seven hundred miles. Its superficial extent is estimated at fully 400,000 square miles, or half that of all the states forming the American Union. In so vast an extent of country the soil and climate vary exceedingly. From the forty-second degree to the mouth of the river Columbia, which is situated between the forty-sixth and forty-seventh degrees, the former is, in the valleys, fertile, and the latter salubrious, resembling on the whole the neighbouring province of California. Not that either is so uniformly; for the districts on the slopes of the mountains (there are two chains west of the Rocky, at least they are so called, although it is easy to perceive that they consist of irregular elevations), are barren and bold, while those lying on the rivers, though exceedingly fertile, are not so favourable to health. The southern division of the country is of infinitely greater value than that north of the Columbia, viz., from the forty-seventh to the fifty-fourth degree. Indeed, it may be doubted whether, by any other occupants than the agents of the Hudson's Bay Company, whose chief employment is the purchase from the Indians of salmon, furs, and skins, this northern division would be worth accepting as a gift. The soil, except in the vicinity of Puget's Sound, and in two or three other localities, is singularly barren, and the climate in the winter season severe—far more so, we are told, than in the same parellels on the eastern coast of the continent. And even of the southern division there are portions, and those of great extent, which, for many generations, will not be settled by civilised man. The three mountain chains just mentioned, the Rocky, the Blue, and the Far West or President's (the two latter, however, are neither so long, so high, nor so uniform in their course as the first), necessarily form three valleys, which, though irregular, are nearly parallel with each other. Of these the first, or that between the Rocky Mountains and the Blue, is everywhere barren, save in the vicinity of rivers and streams. Hot in summer and piercingly cold in winter, vegetation is sure to be parched in one season and destroyed in the other. Yet in this region of mountain and stream, of precipice and rock, there are districts fit for pasture besides those on the banks of the rivers, which are confessedly fertile, and the air is very salubrious, being elastic, pure, bracing, the sky seldom obscured by a cloud. This valley is from ninety to one hundred leagues in breadth. West of it is the middle or central valley, between the Blue and the Far West Mountains, which is much smaller (being nowhere wider than fifty leagues, and scarcely half the length), and is much less sterile than the former. In fact, some proportions of it, especially the banks of the Walla-Walla, may vie in fertility with any portion of the New World. In such spots, consequently, it is capable of a high degree of cultivation; and in others, less favoured, it is still well adapted for the rearing of cattle. But the great scene of fertility, and consequently the most coveted by the rival claimants, is the valley on the Pacific, varying in width from 25 to 40 leagues, extending from south to north 150 leagues, and containing about 50,000 square miles. This is, in an eminent sense of the word, the great agricultural region of the Oregon. Not that it is wholly available; for the portion adjacent to the sea is sandy; that lying on the lower rivers is subject to frequent inundations, while some of the higher grounds are irreclaimable. But, after all drawbacks, there is land enough in this western valley to support some millions of settlers. The climate, however, is not so healthy as in either of the more eastern valleys—for so we suppose they must be called, though often there is only one chain of hills or irregular elevations to bound them. There is a rainy season from October to April, with some intermissions of

snow and frost; but the former is soon melted away, while the latter, throughout the winter, seldom impedes the navigation of the rivers. According to M. de Moffras the climate is "very hot in summer," but the American writers tell us that the thermometer seldom rises above 80 deg. Be this as it may, the heat is frequently alleviated by breezes from the west and north-west, and the nights are delightfully cool. All opinions, American and European, concur in predicting that the portion of the valley south of the Columbia, and especially the banks of the Willamet, will be the seat of a future empire. And well they may concur, if there be no exaggeration in the following description from a recent number of an American quarterly review:—

"Tropical plants thrive in parts of Oregon. At Astoria, near the mouth of the Columbia, there are dense growths of forest trees, which attain to enormous size: 'A fir measured forty-six feet in circumference at ten feet from the earth; the length of its trunk before giving off a branch, was one hundred and fifty-three feet, and its whole length not less than 300 feet. Another tree of the same species, on the banks of the Umqua river, is fifty-seven feet in girth of trunk, and 216 feet in length below its branches. Prime sound pines, from 200 to 280 feet in height, and from 20 to 40 feet in circumference, are by no means uncommon.' (Greenhow, Hist. California and Oregon, p. 26.) The woods which principally flourish are black ash, hazel, dogwood, cherry, maple, sycamore, fir, white and red cedar, cotton wood, white and swamp oak, willows, walnuts, and an undergrowth of aromatic shrubs, creepers and clambering vines, with all the varieties of berries, goose, straw, whortle, black, with cranberries, raspberries and currants. These forests are not without their large proportion of wild game, with which the country sufficiently abounds—stags, deer, bears, black and grizzly, ashata, foxes, wolves, raccoons, rabbits, beavers, sea and river otters, musk-rats, &c. A few panthers still prowl about—and the antelope, the beautiful antelope, ranges over the hills. 'All the attitudes and movements of this beautiful and graceful animal,' says Mr. Irving, 'are graceful and picturesque, and it is altogether as fit a subject for the fanciful uses of the poet as the oft-sung gazelle of the east.' In the middle section of Oregon the buffalo is found. Of the feathered tribe, the tenants of these regions are the swan, wild goose and brant, duck, pelican, heron and gull, snipe, curlew, eagle, vulture, crow, raven, magpie, woodpecker, pigeon, partridge, pheasant, grouse, and singing birds without number. There are few reptiles of any description. The rivers abound with fish,—if we may rely upon the account as given by the 'member of the Oregon legislature.' 'The fisheries of the country are very great, and foremost among all the varieties which they produce is the unrivalled salmon. It would be impossible to estimate the numbers of this excellent fish annually taken in the Columbia and its tributaries; but they have been set down at ten thousand barrels a year—which number I do not by any means think too large. All the salmon caught here are taken by the Indians, and sold to the whites at about ten cents. each, and frequently for less. One Indian will take about twenty upon an average per day. There are several other kinds of fish in the bays, rivers, and creeks of the territory, of which a species of cod and the sturgeon are the most important. The latter are large fish, and afford great sport in a leisure hour to take them with a hook and line. Of shell-fish, we have the crab, clams, muscles, and a small description of oysters.' In regard to the products of the fields, the agricultural parts of Oregon, or those of the first section, yield wheat, it is said, from twenty to forty bushels to the acre, and that of superior quality. Indian corn and sweet potatoes do not thrive. Oats, peas, tomatoes, garden vegetables, Irish potatoes and turnips, have succeeded to advantage. Apples, peaches, cherries, plums, pears, melons, &c., may be yielded. An abundant growth of grass favours the raising of cattle—the wappatoo, a peculiar root growing there, being profitably used for fattening hogs."

INTERESTING CASE OF EXHUMATION.

The Rhenish papers mention a discovery, of very curious interest, that has been made in recently demolishing the ancient church of Urbach—which dates from the earliest period of the Middle Age, and was tottering to its fall. Enclosed in the wall of the choir, which is four feet thick, has been found a marble coffin, nine feet four inches in length, and adorned with figures in relief finely executed. The opening of this coffin was a difficult operation—the joints having been covered with a cement which has acquired the hardness of the marble itself. It had, accordingly, to be broken into from the foot; and revealed an object which took the spectators by surprise—a body, clothed in the sacerdotal habit, fresh as that of a man who died but yesterday. The colour of the epidermis, firmness of the flesh, the hair, the nails—all were in the most perfect preservation. The flesh yields beneath the finger like

soft wax; the limbs have kept their suppleness and flexibility; the teeth are entire, regular, and white as ivory; and the very eyes, but half closed by the eyelid, have preserved a portion of their brightness. The dead man wears a cassock of pale blue silk, interwoven with threads of pure gold; and a linen gown, extremely fine, and trimmed with lace. These garments, worn so many hundred years, seem quite new. Round the hands, clasped on the breast, is twined a rosary of white pearls, strung on threads of gold—to which is attached a small box, in form of a medallion, made of a metal whose composition is unknown. This medallion contains, on one of its faces, the following inscription, in characters which suggest the date of the eleventh century: Otto Imperator Parocho Irbicchiano sculptori excellentissimo — "The Emperor Otho to the Curate of Urbach, a most excellent sculptor." On the reverse is the figure of the Good Shepherd. Being opened, the box was found to inclose a folded parchment, containing writing in letters of gold and ultramarine. The ancient text is difficult to decipher; but records that the priest in question, one of the greatest artists of his age, is the author of the wondrous sculptures, representing scripture-subjects, on the principal front of the high altar; and that the sculptured pulpit, which was the great ornament of the church, is from his chisel. The artist-curate must have been, also, in matters unspiritual, one of the greatest men of his day. The body measures, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, seven feet eleven inches, Rhenish measure. The feet, nearly covered by the cassock, rest on a folio volume in parchment,—whose first leaf displays the title: "Chronicon Sæculi XI."

The Gatherer.

A Turkish Beauty.—While I was employed sketching, sitting down on the road-side, near the plain of Dolma Batchi, a young Turkish female, followed by a black slave and some children, came up to me, and after looking a long while over my shoulder and talking to me, placed herself quite in front of me, and unveiled herself. I hardly dared to take any notice of this manœuvre, knowing that it is not customary in the east to speak to females in public. She, however, seemed to wish me to make a drawing of her, and signed to me to do so. I looked steadfastly at her for some time, and began to draw upon a spare piece of paper the outline of her figure. She was so pretty that I could not refrain from kissing the end of my pencil, and blowing the kiss to her, as one does in France to children. Upon seeing this, she coloured up to her forehead, made a sign as if she would draw a sword, and then a motion with her hand, as though she said, "If you dare do such a thing, I would have your head cut off." She was likewise very lavish of her epithets, some of which I had learnt were not very complimentary. I now began to be apprehensive of the consequences of my indiscretion, and thought it best to continue my sketch of Scutari, and to take no notice of her anger. She waited some time, then went behind me, looked over my shoulder, and seeing that I had ceased to make her portrait, patted me caressingly on the back, spoke softly, and then resumed her place in front of me, hoping that I should finish her likeness; but while this little coquetry was passing between us, some men Turks made their appearance, and she took the alarm, and walked hastily away, looking very significant as she walked away.—*Captain Frankland's Constantinople.*

Fecundity of Swine.—The product of a single sow (in a wild state) in eleven years, which are equivalent to ten generations, will be six million, four hundred and thirty-eight pigs. Taking it, however, in round numbers, and allowing for accident, disease, and the ravages of wolves, four hundred and thirty-four thousand eight hundred and thirty-eight, there will remain six millions of pigs, which is about the number existing in France. "Were we to extend our calculations to the twelfth generation, we should find as great a number to result as all Europe would be capable of supporting; and were they to be continued to the sixteenth, as great a number would result as would be adequate to the abundant peopling of the globe."—*Vauban.*

A Century and a Half ago.—The following, from a newspaper of 1691, forms a curious contrast to a modern teacher's advertisement — "About forty miles from London is a schoolmaster; has had such success with boys, as there are almost forty ministers that were his scholars. His wife also teaches girls lace-making, plain work, raising paste, sauces, and cookery to the degree of exactness. Her price is ten pounds, or eleven, the year, with a pair of sheets and one spoon, to be returned, if desired. Coaches and other conveniences pass every day, within half a mile of the house; and it is but an easy day's journey to or from London."

Books.—Through books we enjoy intercourse with superior minds, and these invaluable means of communication are in the reach of all. In the best books great men talk to us, give us their most precious thoughts, and pour their souls into ours.

God be thanked for books? They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levellers. They give to all, who will faithfully use them, the society, the spiritual presence of the best and greatest of our race.—*Channing.*

Beauty.—The form of Marie Antoinette haunts the groves of Versailles and makes them sacred,—I say "the form," because it is her beauty, real or imputed, which weaves the spell, and moulds her misfortunes into images of grace. How shallow and false is the notion that personal beauty is a frail and fleeting thing. It triumphs over wisdom and virtue, not only in life but in death, redeems or veils folly and crime, and sweetens the saddest passages of history.—*Talfourd's Vacation Rambles.*

Death Punishment.—It is a forcible objection to the punishment of crime, by the forfeiture of life, and such a penalty may be advantageously abolished, the experiment having been tried with advantage and success. In Russia, Tuscany, in Philadelphia, and other states of North America, a milder and more equitable process has been adopted, and has been effectual to prevent the increase of crime, and to ameliorate the condition and character of the offender. In Belgium capital punishments have been abolished since 1829.—*Rev. G. N. Watson.*

An Unexpected Meeting of Old Acquaintances.—When Sir Philip Durham was ordered to attack the island of Noirmontier, at the mouth of the Loire, an émigré was sent on board to pilot the Anson in, instead of which he ran her aground near a fort. Captain Durham was most indignant, and threatened to hang him. Colonel Graham (afterwards Lord Lynedoch) and many other officers were on board at the time, and he recommended them to consult their own safety, as the ship was being hulled by the enemy's shot. In a few hours, however, with the return of the tide, the Anson was got off without great damage. In the year 1815, when he co-operated with the French and British armies in preserving Martinique, and reducing Guadaloupe to the Bourbon crown, Sir Philip Durham paid his respects to the governor. The latter looked at him and said, "If you had hung your pilot at Noirmontier, I should not have the pleasure of receiving you here." The admiral then recognised his old pilot, who was no less than the Comte de Vaugirand, a distinguished naval officer, then governor of Martinique.—*Memoir of the Life of Sir P. Durham.*

Bright Boy.—The following dialogue recently occurred between a mistress of one of the public schools, and a scholar:—"James, if you take three from five how many will remain?"—"I don't know, ma'am," replied the boy, biting his thumb-nail. "Not know? If five birds were singing on a tree, and a naughty boy should fire a gun and kill three, how many would be left."—"None," was the prompt reply. "Why, yes, there would be some left, wouldn't there?"—"No, there wouldn't, 'cause the others would fly away!"—Bright boy, that.

"*I Can't do it.*"—Yes, you can. Try—try hard, try often, and you will accomplish it. Yield to every discouraging circumstance, and you will do nothing worthy of a great mind. Try, and you will do wonders. You will be astonished at yourself—your advancement in whatever you undertake. "*I can't*" has ruined many a man; has been the tomb of bright expectation and ardent hope. Let "*I will try*" be your motto in whatever you undertake, and if you press onward you will steadily and surely accomplish your object, and come off victorious.

How to pay the Shot.—An action being expected, one of his captains sent to Nelson, to remind his lordship that there were 750,000 dollars on board the Defiance, which he had brought out from England, and to inquire what was to be done with them. Lord Nelson answered, "If the Spaniards come out, fire the dollars at them, and pay them off in their own coin."

Science rewarded.—The Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, on his sixty-eighth birthday, conferred the title of Baron on the illustrious chemist Liebig.

Recipe for the cure of Hydrophobia.—Soak a rennet in a little more than half a tumbler of water (for about five minutes). When this has been done, add of pulverised sevadilla as much as may be taken up by the thumb and three fingers. Mix it thoroughly, and give it to the patient (that is, force it down his throat in an interval between the paroxysms.) The patient is then to be put into the sun if possible (or placed near the fire), and well warmed. If the first dose tranquillise him, after a short interval, no more is to be given, but if he continue furious, another dose must be administered, which will infallibly quiet him. A profound sleep will succeed, which will last twenty-four or forty-eight hours (according to the strength of the patient's constitution), at the expiration of which time, he will be attacked (in the manner alluded to), and the attack will continue till the poison be entirely ejected. He will then be restored to his senses, will ask for food, and be perfectly cured.—*Furnished by Don Victores to Lieut. Hardy, author of Travels in Mexico.*

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